

Probably Still Adore You With Your Hands Around My Neck (or i did last time i checked) by thecopperkid

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Summary:

“It’s not gonna suck itself, Harrington,” Billy taunts. He bites his lip as he throws a glance at Steve. A dare. Like him, Steve won’t back down. They’re both natural-born competitors. This fire sign chemistry that storms and rages, can never be quenched.

“Jesus *Christ*, Billy, what are you doing?” he hisses, because surrounding them, there’s like, huge eighteen wheelers and soccer mom vans -- it’s Saturday and everyone’s going somewhere, and here Billy is, merging with *no blinker* onto the road, smiling devilish with all his shiny teeth, and his eyes red with the high.

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There's not much Steve and Billy can agree on, but getting high and making out to Post Malone is on the top of the list.

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Author's Note:

Ugh. *Finally*.

Title snagged from "505" by Arctic Monkeys, of course.

Infinity war spoilers bc I suck? (Side note: it's obviously canon that the party is gay for every Marvel character, right?)

Wait this might be my favorite one so far lemme know what you *think*.

Steve wakes up spread eagle on his stomach, and everything from last night hits him in painstaking pieces.

It's slow -- it's like, okay, first off, he feels like his head's cranked in a vice. He's fucking thirsty. He's naked. And then, *fuck*.

Billy's bed.

But no Billy.

In his sleep, Steve had been peacefully unaware of the lengths he'd gone to chase this asshole down. But the warm yellow sunshine streaming through the propped window illuminates a lot more than just the mismatched socks on Billy's carpet, like the fact that he actually *sucked Billy's dick last night*, which is like. A huge thing for his *sexuality* and all, or at least it *should* be, he thinks, right?

There's music, too. Not the throb of Drake or Diplo or something somewhere in the basement, no. It's soft and gentle. Despite his pounding head, he can hear it, someone playing guitar, and it wafts through the window on the fresh breeze, the rains of last night long passed.

He'd know that chord progression anywhere.

Are you fucking kidding? "My Kind of Woman." Mac DeMarco. Who *else*. It's like, one of the most overrated in Steve's opinion, but it's a great fucking *song*.

Steve dismounts from the bed and shuffles to his feet, slinking into last night's clothes to find his phone's dead, but the trash bin's on the floor where it should be, and his vomit is all cleaned up. Thank *God*.

He squints against the sun as he pokes his head out through the screenless window to the strange little ledge on the roof, where Billy's sitting, still shirtless in just his grey Champion sweatpants, hunched over his guitar. A music snob as he is, Steve doesn't actually know anything about the instruments themselves, but this one's *nice*. Billy's also got aviators on and his hair's still wet from the shower. Leafy trees sway in the wind behind him.

And seriously? This image?

Steve's going to actually *die*. Billy Hargrove is actively trying to kill him.

Because his whole life he's kind of hated music kids, like the wasted guys who think they can sing and bring their guitars and ukuleles to parties. It seems like that happens every fucking time Steve hits up a house party in town. That's a sure fire way to kill the whole fucking vibe. And then there were those music majors who sit outside singing and harmonizing and practically fucking braiding flower crowns for each other in the quad. Like, shut the fuck *up*. We get it. You've *really found yourself* in college. But like, Steve's seen those girls get sloppy drunk in the attic at Gabe's house and start ripping *mad* cigs, and granted, he doesn't know much about vocal performance, doesn't know much about a lot of things, but that shit *can't* be good for your fucking voice.

Those are two different sides of a douche, attention-seeking coin, but this? This is like. *Stupid* hot.

Billy's egocentric, yes. And he *clearly* wanted Steve to find him like this, playing this stupid fucking *song*. But he's utterly shameless about

it, and that's attractive to Steve. And, well. Steve's not about to doodle Billy fucking Hargrove's name in a heart on his notebook like a middle school girl, but he *likes* the guy, magnetically.

"Wow, you're up," Billy notes. "And alive. How ya feel?" He smiles at that, because he knows Steve feels like shit.

Steve glowers. He doesn't want to think about last night. Well, at least, he doesn't want to think about how he made himself look like a dumb fucking asshole last night.

"Not great. Sorry I threw up."

"I made you a K-Cup, earlier," says Billy. "But it was getting cold, and I know how you *are*. Fucking prima donna. So I kinda drank it."

"Wait, so. Humor me, was *that*--?"

Billy gets up, makes careful steps with bare feet along the shingles. He waves his hand impatiently for Steve to go back inside. "Can you go get *ready*? Jesus. We're going to *Hawkins*. Like you said. It's opening weekend at the drive-in, I wanna smoke a joint there, and go to the Chinese place at like, one in the morning. Get oolong and a Scorpion bowl -- you know Jade's not gonna card us."

Steve's still stuck, though, he isn't done yet. Because he has to accommodate this into his schema -- playing an instrument is revolutionary in his characterization of Billy Hargrove.

"How did I not know you played guitar? Since when do you play?"

"Since my whole fucking *life*, Harrington, get your fucking shoes on," he says, crawling through the window. He puts his guitar away in the closet, gets his keys and a small drawstring bag, and throws on a tight-fitting Obey shirt before corralling Steve like livestock toward the door. "And you also said you'd drive, so. I'm holding you to it. Let's go get your little prissy rich boy car."

"I can't *change* first? Like, I wore this *yesterday* --"

"You can just borrow somethin' from me," Billy says. Shrugs. Pulls on the sleeve of a maroon flannel that's peeking out from his dresser

until it comes loose, and tosses it to Steve. It's soft from wear and it smells like that spicy cologne he's always exuding.

Steve would normally fight him on this, but. He puts it on stupidly fast.

Billy drives them to Steve's hall so they can switch cars, and Steve's already running off up the steps, looking over his shoulder while he's like, "Wait here, okay, I'm fucking *showering*."

But when he comes down, with his hair properly fluffed and shellacked, he's still wearing Billy's fucking *shirt*. Billy's *clothes*. He can't get over how the collar smells. And he spent time scheming, plotting, this go around, so he's wearing some tan pants he knows will come off easy, without much resistance. You know. Just in case.

Billy's leaning up against the driver's side door of Steve's car, sunglasses on, smoking a cig. He watches, predacious as Steve gets near. And Billy in fucking grey sweatpants? That's some *magic*. Steve can see the subtle outline of his dick, but he tries not to let his eyes wander so obviously low.

"I can smell you from here," Billy says, wrinkling his nose. "Smell like a chick."

"A chick, huh? I do?"

"Mhm," he says, letting the cigarette drop to the tar. He squishes it out. "What is that, like, mango?"

"I don't *know*, it's my conditioner, probably," Steve says. "It's Aussie, which is like, *coconut* or something. A lot of guys actually use it."

"Uh-huh, 'course they do," Billy says. Smiling. Cheshire. He walks around to the other side of the car all slow, and tugs on the handle. "C'mon, Harrington, I've been waiting on your ass all day."

The ride to Hawkins isn't excessive or anything. Just a couple hours of Steve ignoring the way Billy talks with his mouth full around a breakfast sandwich (which he *demand*ed he had to have even though it's like, 2:45 by the time they get on the road, but Billy insists it's always time for breakfast) and slurps at Steve's latte when *his* coffee's

all gone.

And, for at least the first thirty minutes, arguing. About *everything*. About the best way to get there. Back roads or highway. Which gas station's cheapest. Which exit to take. About where to stop to piss. Whose phone gets to be charged. Over who gets the fucking *aux*.

"Everyone knows that whoever's in shotgun, DJ's."

"Okay, look, I don't want to listen to 'God's Plan' on repeat for the next hour and a half, and, *hello*, the driver gets to pick the music, because they have to fucking *drive* --"

"You *asked* to drive, so you can't bitch about it."

"Maybe I just don't trust your driving -- Max said you almost ran the boys down."

"Oh, please. I told you. That was a *joke*. They just didn't know it. And don't fucking disrespect Drake in front of me."

But the smoking, that part's easy. Just like high school, just like the past month, it's just. Nothing to it. They can agree on getting high, if nothing else.

They clambake and Billy even puts on the album 2 for Steve, because "Okay, DeMarco's not as gay as I thought. And I'm only playing him right now 'cause, like, this shit was *made* for burn cruising."

Steve doesn't *think* anything for once, and that's nice. He's not bogged down -- his head's buzzing and his body feels light, weightless, nothing like he felt last *night*. So heavy and clumsy and messy. He likes this far better. Doesn't need to get shitfaced, it doesn't even feel that great. Being high? It's like a continuous, mellowed-out orgasm.

And *Billy*. Billy's so perfect like this. Veiled in smoke, sparking up a second joint and ripping it hard, with his Nikes up on Steve's dash even though Steve keeps pushing them back down like, *you're gonna scratch up my car*. His hair's tied behind his head, his sunglasses are pushed up like a headband, and his eyes are bloodshot and glazed, Steve can tell even in the purpley dusk.

His eyes crinkle at the corners when he laughs, and he talks and talks, about random things, conspiracy theories about the government, and documentaries he's watched on Netflix, things he's learned in his Medieval lit elective. It's kind of nice, Steve doesn't have to say much, just listen.

Like. Billy's a total stoner, and he's also kind of a nerd. And he does so many *things*. He's fratty, but he's into music, he's a conversationalist, he's fucking *smart*, and he plays sports -- like, he's simply fucking *hot*. And during all this, Billy might annoyingly refer to dealing pot as his "side hustle," like he has any fucking main *hustle*, but Steve's willing to overlook this, because you can't take the frat out of the boy, he guesses, and like, he's so fucking *hot*.

Steve wants to lean over the console and just *kiss* him, catch those pretty full lips. Taste weed on his tongue. Take the smoke out of Billy's lungs, into his own. Share.

"Whatcha lookin' at?" Billy asks, smirking, because he already *knows*. "Gonna drive us off the road, if you're not careful."

He reaches over and places the little makeshift cardboard filter of the joint between Steve's lips. His fingers stay on Steve's lips for longer than is necessary to secure it there. They smell like smoke.

"Wasn't looking at anything," Steve says around the paper. Hits it, passes back.

"*Liar*. Bad fuckin' liar. You're checking me out."

"I'm just high, is all. I was spacing for a second."

They're ten minutes out from Hawkins, but Billy stops Steve. He rolls down the window and smoke pours out. Flicks the embered roach to the tar.

"I got an idea," he says, reaching out to grab Steve's arm. An idea from Billy is *never* a good sign, but Steve will bite. Billy taps at the window sill, says, "Pull over, here."

And, yeah. Last time Billy told him to pull over, Steve ended up slapping him. So. He doesn't really know why he'd ever take Billy's

directions, but here he fucking goes.

They swerve off the highway into a truck stop, crunching over gravel as they roll into a spot. Billy's never buckled in, so he makes quick work of throwing himself from the vehicle, yanking open Steve's door.

"Get out," he says. "We're switching."

"You couldn't have offered sooner? Dude, we're almost there. Why?"

"Because I *said so*. Jesus. Come on, Stevie, play along for me."

Steve rolls his eyes and slowly releases his seatbelt. "I must like you a lot, letting you drive my car."

He's tugged out of the driver's seat.

"Feeling's mutual," Billy grins, getting settled in Steve's place. "But don't get any ideas, 'cause you're not touching *my* baby."

They're barely off the ramp leading to the highway again before Billy pulls his dick out of his sweatpants. He shoves them down mid-thigh for better access.

And like, that cock looks *good*. Just as good as last night -- it's fucking hard, thick and swollen pink. Billy grabs it around the base and shakes it expectantly, that *stupid* way guys do, like, *come fucking get it*.

Too bad Steve's, like. Absolutely *going* to come fucking get it.

"It's not gonna suck itself, Harrington," Billy taunts. He bites his lip as he throws a glance at Steve. A dare. Like him, Steve won't back down. They're both natural-born competitors. This fire sign chemistry that storms and rages, can never be quenched.

"Jesus *Christ*, Billy, what are you doing?" he hisses, because surrounding them, there's like, huge eighteen wheelers and soccer mom vans -- it's Saturday and everyone's going somewhere, and here Billy is, merging with *no blinker* onto the road, smiling devilish with all his shiny teeth, and his eyes red with the high.

“You want the whole Hawkins experience, right?” he says, one hand on the wheel and one roaming across the space between them, stroking over Steve’s shoulders. Urging him closer. “Well, Hawkins, to me, is synonymous with road dome.”

Steve sputters to keep up, trying to act as relaxed as Billy is about what he’s proposing even though he’s so excited at the thought. His blood thrums in his veins, nervous.

“That’s a pretty big word for you.”

“Road dome’s actually two words, Stevie.”

“I was talking about ‘*synonymous*,’ asshole.”

“First of all, don’t fucking test *me*, you’re like a straight D student, it’s amazing they let you keep your scholarship,” he says. He slides his hand up, into Steve’s hair, massaging forcefully with the pads of his fingers. Steve suppresses a shiver at how good it feels. “I used to cheat off you so I didn’t have to study, and I learned *real quick* that you couldn’t be trusted. So maybe re-fucking-think that, and *second*, okay --”

He shuts up fast when Steve unclasps his seatbelt with a *click* and leans over between them, licking, teasing, at the fat head of Billy’s cock.

His length twitches when it’s touched. Billy chokes in the back of his throat out of surprise and Steve wishes he could see his face, the way his eyes probably blow wide.

“Oh, *fuck* yeah,” Billy purrs. His fingers come to tangle in Steve’s hair, hold him down. Forceful, commanding. “I’m so baked. I love it when you lick me. You’re so good. Getting sucked is so much better when you’re high, holy fuck.”

Steve crawls farther into his lap at the awkward angle, left elbow tucked under him anchoring to the armrest, his right hand working the length of Billy’s dick dry, just enough friction to tempt him. He slides his mouth down on the satiny skin of the head and *moans* around it, and there’s nothing put-on about that, he genuinely feels

ecstasy when he sucks at the most sensitive fucking place on Billy's body.

There's something inherently sexy about *not* being Billy's first, too. Because they're too old for firsts, that's long gone. But being back in Hawkins, with the same stupid highway, the way Steve doesn't even have to look up from lapping at Billy's cock to know they're on the ramp exit to get off in town, based solely on the familiar way the car turns -- it all feels amateur, it feels like that *competition*, it feels like being hurried and excited and unsure. It feels like doing things that can't be taken back.

The fact that Billy implied many Hawkins girls used to blow him from the passenger seat, like, that's got Steve wet at the tip of his cock, something he'll never be able to justify.

He's a little jealous, thinking that Billy could be comparing him. Just another notch in Billy's belt. But that just makes him want to perform *better*, more enthusiastically. Make Billy *forget* about the others.

Inspired by lust pooling inside him, Steve forces more cock down his throat. He sinks the length all the way to the back, where it makes him gag a little as the bulbousness of the head brushes over his soft upper palate.

Billy likes that a *lot*. When his cock pulses in Steve's mouth, Steve can feel it move against the flat of his tongue.

He groans, loud and breathy. Billy's voice is buttery smooth when he speaks. "You gonna deep throat me, baby? What if somebody that we know, sees us? What if they see me, driving *your* car, getting my fuckin' cock sucked -- see you, with your fuckin' face in my lap, with your mouth full of dick?"

Steve can't do anything but suck and suck, and *keeps* sucking even when tears prick in his eyes from trying to take too much cock. He retracts the hand he'd been rubbing Billy with, snakes it between his thighs so he can palm at his own throbbing erection through his pants, whining for the release he wants so badly.

Billy twists his fingers in Steve's hair so he doesn't have to say *keep*

fuckin' going, Harrington, don't stop.

But suddenly, Steve pulls off his dick, wiping a hand over his mouth. He sits upright, but stays leaning over the armrest, not wanting to be too far, like there's a magnetic force holding him there.

"I don't want you to come yet," Steve blurts. He's having trouble putting all his thoughts together. He's anxious, all nerves, but he wants this, *needs* it.

"Yeah? What you got in mind, pretty boy?" Billy's huffing, hardly looking at the road.

"I'm *ready*, now," he admits. And the weight in his voice, the subtext, it's *there*, and Billy hears it. He *has* to.

"Ready, huh?"

"Yes," he says. He rubs his hand over Billy's thigh, touches the fine hair and the strong muscle underneath, up higher to the warm crease where his leg meets his groin, a tease. "Fuck, yes. Where d'you wanna go? My parents won't be home, we could go to my house--"

Billy laughs in disbelief. "Fuck Steve Harrington, in the *Harrington manor*? That sounds pretty fuckin' good. I must be dreaming."

"--Or we could go to the quarry, or the fucking *drive-in*, or like, some fucking parking lot, Billy, anywhere, I don't care. Take me anywhere, right now."

Billy's quiet. Thinking. Steve watches the gears turn with bated breath.

"I wanna fuck you in the car, like we're sneaking around in high school," he says after a moment. He turns his head to look in Steve's eyes. "Probably shoulda done this a long time ago, huh?"

Steve feels heat rising up over his thighs, his cock.

Maybe Billy feels vulnerable having said that, because he continues, "But I hated you *so much*."

He focuses Steve's headlights as they make the lines on the road seem to glow in the dark, neon yellow and white. Waiting for a reaction.

And Steve turns the dial on the volume to bring "505" by Arctic Monkeys to a whisper, because the song is just *incredible* and Alex Turner's voice is a fucking drug, and maybe later they can put Arctic Monkeys discography on shuffle, or better yet, this same song on *repeat* and make out with abandon -- but he's *gotta hear this right now*.

He says, "Why did you?"

Billy puffs his cheeks, sighs. Pulls his pants back up. "Because you were *King Steve*. I don't know. So obnoxious and *perfect*. Everybody kissed your fucking ass, but I couldn't *stand* you, wanted teach you a lesson. And--"

He cuts himself off, flips on a blinker (for fucking *once*) by the stop sign at the end of a winding, heavily-wooded road. There's no traffic, but the car stays there longer than the sign warrants. Longer than Billy's usual California stops. The blinker clicks rhythmically and lights up the forest on Steve's side, orange. It's like a clock, ticking the seconds, making the silence drag, and Steve has to *know*.

"And, what?"

Billy finally hits the pedal again. Turns slowly onto the road. Steve notes they're heading toward the drive-in, like Billy had mentioned, like maybe he'd been planning all along.

"And, you were just *confusing*, okay," Billy says. "You fucked with my head. Made me act all crazy."

"But I didn't *do* anything," Steve protests. "I didn't even *know* you."

"Yeah, I fucking noticed, you wouldn't pay any fuckin' attention to me unless I *made* you," he grits back. "I had to make you."

And like, under different circumstances, Steve would find that sentiment cute, but he's pissed off by Billy's tone. His high is soured from it.

"If you wanted my attention, you could have tried asking me to hang

out,” Steve says, irritated. “Didn’t have to kick my fucking ass.”

It’s that one fucking time at the Byers’ house Steve’s talking about. It was bad.

He can still hear how Max’s voice sounded, far away and frightened, in his head. *Stop it, you’re gonna kill him!*

“I’m sorry, alright? I know I fucked up, fucked up real bad, I *know*, ” says Billy. “You act like I don’t have to live with that every *day*. Look, I couldn’t just. Hang out with you. Be alone with you. What if someone found out? What if people told? Not a fuckin’ option, I’d be *dead*, Steve.”

Steve doesn’t say anything, because it’s not his place. But that fucking *hurts* to hear.

“And, look, I mean. You’re a fucking *flirt*. To everyone. And it drove me nuts watching you fuck bitches. Made me want them, too. You’re *so confusing*. ”

Confusing, he keeps saying. Like Billy wasn’t playing the same games. Like Steve’s some kind of riddle. And the thing is, that last part’s not true. Steve’s simple. An open fucking book, really.

Billy, on the other hand? Is a volatile goddamn bomb threatening to go off without warning, and Steve feels like he’s constantly racing to disarm him, like a cartoon where the character can’t make sense of all the different colored wires -- which one should Steve fucking cut?

They’ve fought many times, over stupid shit, like girls and basketball and pride and who was the fucking toughest. And at first, it was just something that happened, but after a while Steve was looking for a fight. Wanted to make Billy *hurt*. Wanted to turn up to dinner at home with a black eye as proof of it all. To see fresh bruises on Billy’s skin when they changed in the lockers, *marked*. To rinse blood from his own knuckles, to feel a stabbing pain in his side if he leaned just the right way, a reminder of how Billy looked fiendishly at him when he was on top of him.

He had felt fire for Billy all along, and it was effortless, *gratifying*, to

have it come out in the form of a fist fight, even if it meant he had to lose. He could put his hands on Billy. He could touch his body, and act wild, and say cruel things he didn't mean to smother the ones he *did* mean, and it was all something he recognized. Something he could name and explain. An accepted behavior. *Boys will be boys.*

Maybe that's the type of confusion, the misinterpretation Billy's talking about.

"You fucked with my head," Billy repeats, low. "You still *do*."

And he reaches his hand across to Steve's thigh, squeezes it with large, strong fingers, soothing. Keeps it there while he drives. Some sort of apology. Billy's kind of apology, which Steve will only ever resist for a few minutes before inevitably accepting.

They pull up to the drive-in just east of town and *Infinity War* is playing in like, twenty minutes, which Steve was really looking forward to, so it's kind of a shame he's not going to be able to see any of it.

They're hardly even parked in the back row before Steve's *on* him. All over him. Which is maybe a little reckless, because Steve's car is so recognizable in Hawkins, and the drive-in is old school but nevertheless it gets fucking packed opening weekend every time, and the kids are *absolutely somewhere here* because they're all Marvel dorks, like, Steve's heard Will gush over Tom Holland as Peter Parker on more than one occasion, and Max is in love with Wanda Maximoff (a redhead thing, he thinks), so it's likely they're going to notice, and he prays they're not fucking snitches.

It's a beautiful fucking Saturday night and people are outside in lawn chairs and playing frisbee, waiting for the movie to start, and here Steve is, crawling on top of Billy, who takes the hint and drops his seat back with a *thump* to make room.

They're making out, hot and wet and messy, all tongue.

"Hey, hold still," Billy says, stopping him, actually having to ward Steve off. And Steve's about to object, thinks he's going to get the same stern talking-to as last time, but Billy's reaching around Steve's

body and grappling for Steve's phone that's in the drink holder, and he's bitching like, "what the fuck is your code," and Steve's like, "Jesus, it unlocks with my face, point it at me, anyway what's so important because I was just starting to --"

And Billy *changes the fucking song*. Steve's definitely going to die this time, not only because it's Post Malone's "Stay," which is like, *so fucking sexy*, but also because Billy is his fucking *type*, he takes this shit just as seriously as Steve does.

"You're stupid," Steve says, because that's easier, more palatable than calling him *'perfect.'* "So fucking stupid."

Billy slides his warm hands over Steve's thighs, up around to his ass, and Steve's heart races. He leans down to meet Billy's mouth, to suck on his fat lower lip. Billy growls.

"Smell so good," he says when they break apart. Steve's cock throbs at the compliment.

"Like a girl?"

It's getting even hotter in the car and he needs Billy so much closer than this. As Steve peels off the flannel and his Last Shadow Puppets t-shirt with it, Billy bites at his lip where Steve had kissed him, watching.

"Better than a girl," says Billy, copying Steve and making to shuck his own shirt off. The movement pushes Steve suddenly backward because he has to duck out of the way to avoid being hit with Billy's elbows. Balance thrown, his spine hits the steering wheel, making the BMW horn honk unexpectedly.

Steve jumps at first, but dissolves into stoned laughter, hunching to lick at Billy's throat, the chemical taste of his cologne. Someone honks back like they think Steve did it on purpose. "Fuck, we *suck.*"

He tongues over Billy's earlobe, bites at the earring there so the cool silver clacks against his teeth, and Billy's hips stutter up.

"As much as I like putting on a show," Billy says. "Don't know if I want these moms and dads watchin' you ride me. Maybe we should

move this to the back.”

And like, *ride* him?

Well, if he *insists*.

Billy slaps Steve's ass as an incentive, and Steve's clamoring into the backseat over the center console, all awkward limbs and unsteadiness until he throws himself against the cool of the leather.

“Christ, Harrington, you could have used the fuckin’ door,” Billy bitches, but follows suit. He falls on top and Steve's *excited*.

“*Stop* that,” he says, frustrated, though still allowing Billy to unzip his pants for him. He kicks his legs to get out of them. They come off easy, like he'd planned, and he's thankful he thought ahead for once. “I hate it, it's weird. It's *Steve*. Really, Billy, when we're like this, call me *Steve*.”

They're so close, face to face, chest to chest, and Steve can hear from Billy's breathing that his heart's hammering just as fast as Steve's own. And it's stupid, because the backseat of Steve's car is completely cramped, barely enough room for the two of them, contorted angles and the births of future bruises blooming on shins and shoulders, marks from the seatbelts and car doors. But it just makes it better, *hotter*. In the low light of the dash, Steve stares straight into Billy's blue eyes, and Billy holds the intense gaze.

“Force of habit,” says Billy finally, so quiet, hovering over Steve.

And like, riding Billy sounded real fucking good, but the way he's pushing himself up on either side of Steve's head, bulging muscles and necklace swinging against Steve's chest and the strong scent of woodsy deodorant moist from perspiration, Steve doesn't want that anymore.

He wants to *get fucked*. He wants Billy on top of him and forceful and dominant, taking what he wants from Steve.

Billy sounded almost kind of apologetic and sweet at first, but then he's grinning, wicked, like, “So no ‘princess,’ either? Just so we're clear.”

Steve can't help but smile, ruts up through his underwear against Billy's leg. " *Fine*, you can say *princess*. Take your fucking pants off, *fuck*."

Of fucking course he's not wearing underwear. Steve couldn't tell earlier when he sucked Billy off, but why would Steve have thought any different? His cock springs free, thick and wet around the tip with precome, and Steve just.

Wants it. But maybe hadn't thought about what exactly that meant, and seeing it now with that context of taking dick, it's kind of intimidating, because he *hasn't fucking done this before*.

Maybe Billy senses that in Steve's glazed eyes, because he kisses him slow, mouth closed.

"Tell me what you want," he says, with his nose pressed into the space just below Steve's ear. Billy's hot breath ghosts down his neck. "*Princess*."

And if *that* doesn't go straight to Steve's dick.

He can't even fucking put into words what he wants, not with Billy's cock pressing up against his own where Billy's straddling him.

"You," he breathes, doesn't know if that's a little uninspired and fucking *hackneyed*, but doesn't care because it's *true*. "I want you."

He strokes fingertips over the curves of Billy's hips, up his sides. Billy shivers at the tickle it causes.

"Okay," he says. He wets his lips, and Steve follows his tongue, entranced. Billy sounds kind of absent and uncertain, like he hadn't thought he'd get this far. It's like Billy's used to sufficing, not used to getting what he wants. "So, like, we're *doing* this. You're sure."

"Yes, fuck, Billy, *yes*," Steve fusses impatiently, reaching between them to strip off his underwear. "Doing this. Now."

Billy kisses him again, with tongue this time, sloppy. Steve moans into his mouth at the dry rub of cock on cock. It's like his body is on autopilot, chasing the high Billy gives him, making it so nothing else

matters, nothing else registers in his fucking mind.

“How do you want me?” Steve asks, thinking that’s a reasonable thing to establish.

Billy laughs, actually *laughs*, short and mirthful.

“‘How do I *want* you?’ What are you, my *hooker*? ”

The way Billy teases him, it makes his cheeks hot, makes him feel like a fucking virgin, like an idiot, but he *likes* that.

And like, *virgin*. That makes Steve think frantically about protection, but they’re too far out of reach in the trunk somewhere, and he’s getting restless.

“Shut *up*. You got a condom? You better.”

Billy reaches blindly on the floor of the car for his sweatpants. Digs one out from the front pocket, and then rummages for his drawstring bag to procure this tiny bottle of lube, too. Like, this guy came *ready*, which is stupid, fucking *dizzying*.

“*Obviously*, I do,” Billy snorts, tearing open the foil. Steve’s under hypnosis as he watches, grabbing helplessly at the smooth skin of his arms while Billy glides the condom on over his thickness. “‘Big, bad frat guy.’ That’s what you said I was. I got a reputation to keep up.”

Steve leans forward on his elbows and presses a chaste kiss to Billy’s lips. He can feel Billy’s cock that’s heavy and slick with the condom’s lube pressed into his leg when he does it, and it sends tingles up his thighs. Billy cups his hand at Steve’s jaw, thumb stroking over Steve’s cheek, rubbing absent-minded circles against Steve’s moles.

“Pretty,” he says. He presses their sheened foreheads together, and both of their breath catches. “Pretty boy. Lemme see you. See that ass. Flip over for me, baby.”

Easier said than done in the backseat of the car, but they make it work. With the help of the weed, Steve’s only a little self-conscious as he gets on his hands and knees.

"We go at your pace," Billy breathes. "If it hurts, or it gets too much -- or whatever -- say that."

He glides firm hands over Steve's ass. Which feels *weird*, a little intrusive, and Steve's heart's in his throat. Steve can't see outside, gauge if anyone has noticed what they're doing, because the windows are fogged up. Guilty. Like fucking high schoolers.

"Billy, *please*, " Steve whines, backing up against him. He feels Billy's dick brush over his ass cheek, teasingly close to where he wants it so badly. "I'm gonna -- gonna fucking *lose* it."

Lit by the flickering light from the theater screen, Billy slicks his fingers up. Steve watches longingly over his shoulder.

"Hey, *easy*, you're so needy," says Billy. He lets one hand roam up Steve's body, rubbing down soothingly over the dimples on his lower back. "No hurry. Not going anywhere."

"You said *my* pace."

"That was before you started getting bossy on me. You sure you're ready?"

As ready as he's ever going to be. This is fucking it, so. He nods vigorously.

Billy kisses the spot where he'd been rubbing Steve, plump lips pressing moist over the small of his back. Steve's breath hitches as Billy circles a wet finger over his hole. It's completely alien to him, but fuck if it doesn't feel *amazing*. His cock pulses between his legs.

"Can I do this? Is this okay?" And there might be a smugness to Billy's voice, because yes, he's genuinely concerned about doing this right, but he fucking knows this rate is driving Steve insane.

"Fuck, what the *fuck*, yes, it's so okay," Steve babbles. "I don't even know what you're doing but it's so okay."

He leans back against Billy's hand, trying to take it further.

And he hisses like a goddamn cat when Billy obliges and presses the

length of his index finger inside.

“Relax, princess,” Billy ghosts over his skin. “Breathe for me.”

“Okay, okay.”

“You’re so fuckin’ tight,” he admires. The wet drag of it fills Steve every time Billy crooks it in, agonizingly slow and not enough. “So good, baby. Look how *good* you are for me. The way you let me stretch you. You’d probably let me do anything I wanted to you.”

“Oh, *fuck*, keep going,” Steve hears his voice say, distant. “Oh my God, keep going.”

“Yeah, baby, you like it? You like getting fucked by my fingers?” Billy asks. He’s doing it less like he’s afraid to break Steve now, more forceful and sure, but purposefully *slow*.

“Holy *shit*, yeah, how *many* is that?”

Billy chuckles low in his throat, kisses over the pale skin of Steve’s ass again. “Just one, still.”

“Oh, yeah, right,” Steve says, and he’s officially *blushing*. “Fuck. Okay, then, more.”

Billy squirts more lube over his fingers, adds another, which makes Steve suck in a breath. “Still okay?”

“Still okay. But you’re too far away.”

And that’s a ridiculous thing to say, because they’re essentially existing in the same exact space right now in the fucking cramped backseat.

Billy leans over him anyway, chest lingering over his back so Steve can feel his cock pressing between his legs, the cool metal of his necklace as it dangles, and Steve turns his face to meet him. Billy’s wrist works between them, fingering Steve’s heat, hard. They make out over Steve’s shoulder, and the angle kind of sucks but Steve reaches up to secure him there, stroking his fingers over the baby hairs at Billy’s nape, because he doesn’t want to stop *kissing*.

Post Malone has gone on shuffle and this time it's "Deja Vu," that fucking ridiculous collaboration with Justin Bieber, and like, this vibe is a fucking *turn-on*, the song is *sexy*, and Steve is *absolutely down* to have it as the lowkey soundtrack to his first time with Billy.

"Fuck me," Steve says suddenly into the plush of Billy's lips. "I'm fine, I'm ready. I want to."

"Are you sure," Billy whispers. His voice is so careful, it doesn't even carry like a question. But Steve's done talking, like that's not *his* thing, that's Billy's thing, his role, so he abandons the position they're in to reach behind and grab at Billy's cock, trying to angle himself onto it. Billy fumbles to knock Steve's hands away, then generously slick himself up with lube. "Jesus, *wait*, you're gonna need this."

He lines up on his knees with Steve's entrance and, oversensitive, Steve can feel it there even though it's only a soft touch from the head. Billy's so concentrated, it's probably the quietest Steve's ever heard him save for when he's fucking *sleeping*. He has one hand steady, gripping Steve's hip and one around the base of his cock, guiding himself in, not daring to breathe.

And, like, there's this intense, blunt stretch and he knows Billy's *inside* of him. Which is insane and it hurts a *lot*, it's like nothing he's ever experienced. He's overwhelmed and it's evident in his tense posture, the raspy breaths he takes when Billy pushes all the way in, filling him completely. It's a near miss that doesn't *sob*, unbridled and humiliating, but he muffles it by biting into the flesh of his knuckles as Billy whispers *relax relax relax, I've got you*.

It hurts differently than he could've imagined, though, but he doesn't want it to stop, because of the way it makes his cock pulse achingly between his legs, makes his head spin, and the way Billy sounds in his ear when he makes Steve take it.

"Oh, *God*, baby," Billy's moaning viscerally, pleasure ripping it right out of him. He begins slipping in and out, lazy, ecstatic. "God, you're tight as fuck. So tight on my cock. Am I hurting you? Does it hurt? Just relax, relax."

"You're -- you're *big*," Steve bites out. Because it's all he can manage.

Billy laughs, in delirium. “Really? You really think it’s big? You just sayin’ that, princess?”

He slumps over Steve, fucking him slow and deep, their sweaty skin sticking together in the heat of the car. Steve hears Billy’s mouth, wet and viscous as he licks his own palm and grabs Steve’s cock beneath him, stroking him off.

Steve wants to fucking *cry*, is that normal? He feels it in his chest, the shaky breathing and fullness that happens before tears fall, like he’s overflowing with emotion. And it’s not in a bad way, it’s in an amazing, mind-blowing way, never-felt-so-good-in-his- *life* kind of way. And maybe it’s the weed that has to do with it, maybe it’s *just* Billy, whatever it is, it’s good and it’s too much and it’s not enough, and he just wants to get fucked and fuck into Billy’s fist at the same time, forever.

“I never, never thought I’d get to have this, honest,” Billy breathes into the sparse freckles on Steve’s shoulder.

Steve finds his voice enough to ask, “Never?”

Because that implies *what*, exactly? And Steve *sees fucking stars* from how full, how thick Billy is inside him, the way he’s completely at Billy’s mercy, can’t quite control what he’s feeling.

“Thought about it before, a few times,” he says, lets his head rest against Steve. His blonde hair is damp with sweat. “Why do you think I was such a jerk, *fuck*. I’m not an asshole, okay, well, I *am* an asshole, but. I just--”

And Steve *laughs* this time, it’s like a fucking bark honestly, loud and sudden, because if he doesn’t laugh, he feels like he’ll cry. “So you *liked* me? Funny way of showing it.”

“Liked you a *lot*, ” Billy huffs, rubbing Steve’s length in time with his hips. And maybe Steve could come right then if he wasn’t trying to hold off. “Liked you so *much*.”

“So you told me by *hitting* me,” Steve says, which is a bit of an understatement, because that one fight was only *mildly* traumatizing.

“The third grade approach. Real cute, Hargrove.”

“I couldn’t tell you,” says Billy. “I couldn’t. How was I supposed to? I didn’t know.”

Billy’s getting faster now, unable to stop it, compelled by Steve’s heat. Like, give the guy an inch, and he’ll take a fucking mile. Steve grunts against it when Billy hammers into this *spot* that feels so fucking *good*, he can’t even begin to process it.

“I like it when you talk to me,” Steve blurts, leaning his head backward so he can connect their mouths, although it’s mostly just them panting against each other’s lips and chins and cheeks as Billy rocks his hips into Steve. “Makes me so hard when you talk to me.”

“Yeah? Talk to you? How so?”

“You *know* how so,” he says. “Like, really talk to me. Come on, don’t make me *say* it. You never shut your damn mouth, now’s not the time to get fucking *shy*. ”

Billy *knows* what he likes. From all the times they’ve talked, he has to. It’s not fucking rocket science. He knows Steve wants to be degraded, demeaned.

“You mean, you want me to tell you I’m just *using* you,” Billy says, and Steve feels like he’s being read. Open fucking book, it’s true. His cock tingles. “That what you want?”

“Yeah, *Billy*, ” he says, humping Billy’s fist. “Talk, keep talking.”

“You want me to use you, baby? Just use you to come -- that’s it, huh? You fucking slut.”

He unfortunately lets go off Steve’s cock, *frustrating*, but there’s no time to bitch because Billy snakes his hand up to Steve’s throat, which is. Even *better*, maybe. When he clenches it, his palm still damp with saliva and precome, Steve gasps.

“Say it,” Billy spits, fucking into him, *hard*. A little mean. His fingers are tight, closed over Steve’s pulse, and Steve can do little but *take* it. “Say it, *princess*. What am I doing to you?”

"You're fucking *using* me," Steve says, voice strangled and pathetic and submissive. Tendrils of hair stick to his forehead with sweat, and his bare knees hurt from bearing both their weight on the car seats.

"For what, Stevie? Tell me, I wanna hear you say it."

"You're using me, using me to come."

"Say my name," purrs Billy. "Say it while you beg for my cock."

The slickness of Billy's cock as it glides out and pounds back in is heady.

"Billy, fuck me, *please*, " Steve says, straining against his grip. "Billy, come inside. I need you to fuck me hard. Just use me to come. *Billy*. "

"Gonna come inside you, so hard," says Billy. He pumps his hips unevenly, suggestive that he's getting close. "Gonna fill you."

Steve knows Billy suffers from the whole *me-first* thing all Aries have, but there's no option here -- with Billy grunting and talking nasty in his ear, and his hand restricting Steve's circulation, and his thickness stretching him, deep inside, it's clear Steve's going to come first, cock untouched.

It rips out of him so hard he almost sobs for the second time in the night, come spurting out the head of his cock and painting the seat below them, stark and messy against the black leather. It's like no other orgasm he's had because of the intensity of Billy's cock -- his vision blurs, his body feels weightless, and it doesn't even feel *real*, his head still buzzing with weed.

"Fuck, *fuck*, you're coming," Billy groans when the fluttering aftershocks grip his cock. "I can feel it, can feel you *coming*, Jesus Christ."

He lets go of Steve's neck and shoves three fingers in Steve's mouth while he's still blissed out, not wasting time seducing and teasing, just fucks Steve's throat with them as he tries to push himself over the edge.

"I'm coming, baby, coming for you," he whispers, and fucking

collapses into Steve, sucking in shaking breaths and grunting like he's fucking *weightlifting*, like. It's so pornographic and *manly*, Steve could die. His hips stutter until he's spent.

Steve twists again to bring his face to Billy's, not wanting to break the spell or let Billy pull out of him, but needing to feel Billy's mouth while they're still connected like this, intimate. Billy pants deep, his glistening chest working hard to return to normal, and he puts a strong hand over Steve's cheek like before, tugging him in place for a lazy open-mouthed kiss.

"Holy fuck."

"Huh."

"Nothing," Steve says, trying to catch his breath. "Just liked that a little more than I thought I would."

Billy smiles, kisses him, chaste. "'Liked?' Look at this fucking mess. You mean 'loved.'"

He pulls out slowly, and Steve adjusts to the absence. "Right. Loved."

"You thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?" Billy asks, tying off the condom and slipping back into his sweats. Steve follows suit and sits tentatively perched on the edge of the seat so he doesn't get come on his pants.

"All I'm thinking is that *weed*." Which isn't the whole truth, but. Weed couldn't hurt.

Billy digs out a joint from a case in his bag and lights it up with a *shick*, watching the screen with glassy eyes. "So wait. We don't have the radio set to the drive-in station, so I can't hear shit -- but I'm watchin' right now and -- did the green girl just *die*?"

"Gamora? Oh shit, *what?* " Steve asks, choking on a mouthful of smoke.

"I know, right? She was *hot*."

There's a knock at the fucking driver's side window. Steve nearly has a panic attack because his paranoid ass jumps to *it's the fucking cops*,

trying to wave away the smoke they've already created, looking at Billy wide-eyed deer-in-the-headlights, but Billy remains calm, reaches his arm forward to roll down the fogged up window, like, "Can I fucking help you?"

Mike Wheeler is frowning.

"*Billy?* I got up to piss and I saw Steve's car and -- you guys *hang?* What are you *doing* here?"

"Nothing," Steve spits out from behind Billy. "We weren't doing anything in here. Like. We were just. Watching the movie."

"I meant, what are you guys doing back in Hawkins. You should've texted me."

"Road trip," Billy grins, all teeth. "Sorry. Spur of the moment. Why, you lookin' for bud? 'Cause I have some good shit. It's legit purple. Steve, gimme my bag. How much you want, kid?"

And like, is Billy really trying to cut a fucking deal right now, post-coital, to a high school sophomore at the local drive-in? Absolutely fucking is.

"*Dope* ," says Mike, fumbling in his pocket for cash. "Can we just get a 20 bag?"

"*No*, no," Steve says, turning on Billy. "No, dude, I'm not letting you give him pot, it feels wrong. I *babysat* this kid. You think I need Karen Wheeler on my ass anymore than she already is?"

Mike pulls two crinkled ten dollar bills from his wallet and rolls his eyes. "It's weed, Steve, not, like, crack. And who says 'pot' anymore?"

Billy looks at Steve like, *I like him*. He pushes by Steve toward his bag to retrieve a little airtight Ziplock that's already measured out. Trades with Mike.

"I'm serious, Harrington, this kid, he needs to rush Fiji. How long 'til you're at school with me, bro?"

"Still two more years of Hawkins after this one," Mike sighs. Gestures

at the joint Steve's taking a pull from. "You guys clambaking? Can I come chill with you guys for a while--"

"No," they say together, because Billy is blocking it from view, but there's still fucking *come* on the seat.

And Steve tries to cover. "But if you wanna hit us up after the movie, we're getting Chinese."

Billy turns to Steve. "Yeah? You down?"

"Came all this way for your fucking Scorpion bowl, so. We can't not."

"I'll tell everybody," Mike says disinterestedly. Looks back at the screen. Frowns again. "Anyway. I should probably let you get back to... whatever this is. Smoking naked, or whatever. I mean, I know Billy never wears real clothes, but *Steve* --"

"I got *hot*, okay," grits Steve. "Go smoke your fucking *weed* and we'll see you after."

Mike finally takes the hint and fucks off, and Billy rolls up the window.

"You're actually *amazing*, fucking crazy," Steve says, meant as an insult because Billy is *really something else*, he has a fucking nerve, but Billy leans over and kisses him like he doesn't know any of that. "*Drug dealer*."

"Side hustle," Billy corrects. Blows smoke in Steve's face, teasing. "You *like* it."

"I do."

Billy falls back against the seat, arms behind his head, comfortable. He regards Steve wolfishly for just long enough that it makes him feel all flustered and awkward. "So I guess we're gonna be seeing more of each other, then."

Steve's heart races. But he says, steady, "Of course. You know. So you can keep an eye on me."

“Obviously,” says Billy, and he uses the inside of the shirt he’d abandoned to wipe up Steve’s come. Tosses it unceremoniously to the floor, much to Steve’s dismay. “I mean, after last night, I don’t trust you. Someone’s gotta keep you out of trouble.”

“Asshole,” Steve says. “You *are* the trouble.”

Then Billy puts his fucking *arm* around Steve, and they nestle back into the leather to share the cherried joint and watch Thanos terrorize the masses, like Steve is Billy’s goddamn *date* or something.

And like, they don’t really *do* labels. Labels are tricky. They’re complicated and have implications and cause problems, but.

But, ‘date?’

There’s no other word for what this is, tonight.